

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

MY LITTLE CALLER.

Sunday morning while I'm dozing
Late beyond the wonted hour,
Seeking rest from week-day strivings
Stern, which brain and nerve devour,
Comes a ray of human sunshine,
Stealing softly to my bed,
Reaching up on little tip-toes,
Tugging gently at the spread.
"Papa, please wake up for baby."
Sounds like angel notes I vow,
Followed by the worldly message:
"Beckus soon be ready now."
Flinging quickly back the covers,
Grabbing up the dimpled dear,
Sitting her in bed beside me—
Soft curls tangled round my ear—
Soon forgotten all my dreamings,
All the world's vain show and pomp,
Even breakfast goes unheeded
In that royal morning romp.
When I sleep my last long slumber,
All I ask to seal my bliss
Is that somewhere I'll be wakened
By an angel voice like this.
—Charles Nelson Johnson, in Chicago
Times-Herald.

CELESTIAL TELEGRAPHY

BY LAWRENCE BOONE.

[Copyright, 1897.]

There was a little old-fashioned safe in the depot at Dumphy's Glen, but everybody knew that it never contained anything of special value. It served well enough to hold the books and papers of the office and a little loose change; there was practically no business done at Dumphy's. If it had been otherwise the station would never have been left in charge of a mere girl like Lena Stearns.

Fifteen years ago it was quite another story. At that time Dumphy's Glen was in the midst of its boom as a prospective summer resort; and when Lena's father bought the barren little plot of gravel and bare granite upon which he had erected his store, he had paid for it at the rate of \$40 a front foot, and had trouble in getting it at that. But he had died long since, broken in fortune and in spirit. The big, dismantled "Sanatorium" on the hill was utterly abandoned. Half the glass in its dark, dirty windows was broken; squirrels scurried over the sagging verandas; the warping shingles blew down from the roof in every storm; the eaves were a hive for wasps and hornets. The streets that had been so hopefully laid out led nowhere. "Park avenue" started well, but soon lost itself among brambles and bushes; its pretentious name hung askew from its rotten post, held by one rusty nail.

The store, however, was still kept up, for there was still a little country trade. Mrs. Stearns lived with her daughter in the upper story, and managed to sell, or barter, across the dingy counter, cotton thread, nails, molasses, and patent medicine enough to pay the interest on the mortgage and live. Lena, who was now 18, had to do something of course; and as she was unmistakably a bright girl, and had mastered book-keeping and telegraphy, she easily obtained the unimportant position of station agent at Dumphy's, where she sold half a dozen tickets a week, flagged a train when there was a passenger, and boarded at home.

Lena was not only bright and efficient, but decidedly pretty. This fact had been discovered by John Sturgin, the station agent at Pine Ridge, ten miles above; it was a source of regret to him that he was not the only discoverer. As it was, he was pervertedly turned his back on the well stocked stores at the ridge and did a suspicious amount of trading at the Glen. He also did more telegraphing at times than business seemed to require. The wires must have felt a queer thrill as some of those messages pulsed through them—though the words were as trivial and as remote from the sentiments they voiced as in any other rustic courtship.

Though scarcely any money ever found lodgment at Dumphy's Glen, a good deal passed through it. About 20 miles below were the great saw-mills at Sabine Falls, and every week a heavy cash box was expressed thither from the city to pay the men. The train which conveyed it, however, scarcely ever stopped at the little flag station; but there was one notable exception.

It was about the middle of March, and heavy rains had stripped the hills of their white winter cloaks. "They're just like folks who lay off their wraps too soon," thought Lena, drawing her fleecy "fascinator" more closely about her neck and shoulders—for the sky had cleared and the air was growing frosty—"They look as if they were catching their death of cold."

She was standing on the platform, watching the belated express as it rounded the curve. To her surprise, it slowed and came to a stop, though she had not flagged it. The door of the baggage car slid open, and the agent jumped out, dragging the cash box after him.

"Shall have to leave this here to-night," he explained. "Bad washout at Tamarack creek, three miles down, and we can't get through to Sabine possibly; orders are to run back at once. Have wired to the mills to send men round by the road, and they'll be here soon. It'll be all right; nobody else will know the stuff's here. Come, we'll put it in the safe for you."

So Lena opened the safe while the agent with the help of a brakeman brought in the box. It was a snug fit, though she pulled out all the books to make room for it. Then the men boarded the train, which slowly backed up the line until it was out of sight.

The girl reentered the depot, locked the door, threw a fresh supply of coal on the fire, and waited alone for the messenger from the mills. An hour

passed, and another, and another; at last the hand on the clock stood at 11, and still they had not come.

John Sturgin was sitting alone in the ticket office at Pine Ridge. Thoughts of Lena were uppermost in his mind—a thing not unprecedented—but to-night his head was full of fancies. He knew about the cash box, for he had spoken with the express agent as the train backed through. "I'm afraid the little girl was worried about that money," he mused. "She isn't used to that sort of thing. But it can't have been in her hands more than half an hour."

The telegraph at his elbow was clicking in an uneasy, irregular fashion, but he had scarcely noticed it. All at once the signal sounded loudly. This was followed by an unintelligible rattle; even his practiced ear could make nothing of it. Then, after a moment's silence, came words—broken and fluttering—but to his quick apprehension they sounded like an articulate cry.

"O—O—O—Help!" Then a confusion of clicks—and again the instrument seemed to cry out: "O—O—Save—!" He sprang to the key and tried to telegraph a question; but he could get no response. The wires seemed badly out of order. He was much alarmed. Something was wrong—horribly wrong—at Dumphy's Glen. It would not do to waste time.

He ran out of the depot. "Look after things, Mac," he called to the baggage man.

His bicycle was leaning against the building; he had brought it out that day for the first time since winter set in. With a quick push and a leap he was in the saddle, bounding along the dim, frozen road.

Dim—yet for mere starlight the night seemed wonderfully luminous. But the light was fitful; there were moments when all seemed buried in darkness. Then the landscape brightened and glimmered as if the moon had emerged from behind a cloud. But there was no moon; he knew that the moon would not rise until morning was near.

The railway circled the foot of the

low with thin lips and a hatchet face, was by the safe examining the lock. He turned toward the girl.

"Ye might as well save trouble," he said. "We know what's here, an' we're goin' to have it. This is biz, understand. We shan't hurt ye, if ye behave."

The girl glanced at him with angry contempt. Her blood was boiling. "There ain't goin' to be nobody to help ye," the fellow continued. "The road bridge is down—sweep away by the freshet—and the fellers from the mills won't git here yet awhile. Yer ma's too far off, an' she ain't no good anyway. We've got to have that key, fur we ain't got no tools handy. Be lively now. We kin be rough if we have ter."

With a sudden motion Lena pulled the key from her apron pocket. The big ruffian beside her snatched at it, lowering his pistol as he did so; but with the quickness of a cat she flung the little piece of steel through the open door of the stove, where it slipped down among the glowing coals. The fellow caught up the poker and plunged it into the red-hot mass, but the key had disappeared. With a cry of rage he sprang toward the girl; but while his back was turned she had darted across the room and jerked open a drawer.

"Throw up your hands, you scoundrel!" The command came in a hoarse roar from the open window. The desperado wheeled, saw a fierce, livid face glaring in from the outer gloom, saw also a leveled weapon, and suspected more behind. He dropped his pistol and obeyed.

Laying his left hand on the sill, John Sturgin leaped through the window with one bound. There is no record-breaker like love and anger in things athletic. Meanwhile the lesser villain was struggling with the fastenings of the nearest window; but when he glanced over his shoulder and caught the glint of another revolver in the hands of Lena, as she stood by the open drawer, he desisted.

"Give it up," he said, coolly. "Ye got me, sure, little girl; though how them



"THROW UP YOUR HANDS, YOU SCOUNDREL!"

hill, but the road ran straight over the summit. By strenuous effort he had already reached the crest, and the hard driven wheel leaped forward with a fresh burst of speed as it felt the downward slope.

Suddenly the air seemed full of rosy light, as if tinged with the glow of dawn. Though he was now running at a breakneck pace, he glanced upward. The sky was aflame with the flickering pennants of the aurora borealis. Near the horizon lay a bank of dusky haze, through which the stars gleamed faintly. Above it hovered a pale phosphorescent curtain, which shimmered as if shaken by gusts of wind, from behind which ruddy streamers shot up to the very zenith, and flickered and waned and brightened. It was a magnificent display; but as the descent was becoming steeper every moment, he was obliged to keep his eyes fixed on the road.

He was now rushing down the rough track with a violence that almost defied control. The overstrained tubing gave under his weight to the very limit of its strength; the machine heaved and palpitated like a frightened horse, and shied wildly amid the ruts and stones that he could not avoid. At a sharp turn of the road he swung out so far that he felt the hind tire slipping on the icy edge and barely escaped plunging down the embankment; then the depot windows flashed into view.

After that the bicycle must have chosen its own course, for Sturgin was not conscious of guiding it. For the sash was raised, and against the yellow lamplight he saw the dark outline of a man crawling in through the opening; another followed.

The last figure had scarcely disappeared when his wheel came to a stop in the deep sand of the station yard. He dropped from the saddle, pulled a .44-caliber revolver from his hip pocket, and sprang to the window.

The depot consisted of a single room; the safe and the telegraphic apparatus were on the further side. In the middle of the floor stood Lena, defiant, with clenched hands and glowing cheeks, looking straight down the black muzzle of a pistol that a huge desperado was holding close to her face.

"You unlock that safe, right quick, or no nonsense," he was saying.

"I won't; I can't," cried Lena.

The other intruder, a seedy little fel-

THE TOUGH INDIAN PONY.

Some of the Little Animals' Feats Performed on the Western Plains.
A product of the plains, receiving little or no care, faring well in summer when there is herbage to crop, and growing thin in winter, when he lives as he best may, the broncho or cayuse, as he is variously called, is yet the delight of the Indian, who takes great pains to train him in all the tricks known to savage and civilized riders. In "Fort Reno" Mrs. D. B. Dyer relates many facts about this interesting little animal.

The pony is the Indian's inseparable companion. No mercy is shown the little beast. If a savage wants to take a trip miles away, he takes it. If he is in a hurry, it does not take him long to go and return. Some of the feats performed by the plains pony seem almost impossible of belief when the conditions of distance and endurance are considered. In a long race over the western desert plains, made in 1860, one of these little animals carried Uncle Sam's mails from Sacramento, Cal., to St. Joseph, Mo.,—1,950 miles—in a wonderfully short time.

In those times the only means of transportation beyond St. Joseph to the Rocky mountains and Pacific slope were the stage coach and the saddle horse. Gen. Miles is said to owe much of his success as an Indian campaigner to the able assistance and loyalty of the cayuse pony.

The sacred pony ranks first, the war pony next, then the buffalo pony. An Indian will promise the "bad god" that if his band is permitted to escape some extremity of danger, a pony will be "consecrated" to his service. These vows are faithfully carried out; no one is permitted to mount or to strike the sacred pony, but it has been said that the most worthless beast in the whole herd is the one selected for consecration.

The buffalo pony was so trained that no bridle or lariat was used when dashing after bison, and, although the hands were fully occupied with rifle or arrows, correct guidance was given by the legs, and a good pony could tell by a touch or a word just when to stop and just how fast to run, and by its own headwork and knowledge of the work he practically kept the wild animal at his rider's disposal.

The war pony is selected from the best stock for his great strength and endurance. These valuable qualities are recognized by clipping his ears. It is a distinguished compliment for an Indian to present a gift to his friend, but it is fatal, from a financial standpoint, for the friend to accept it. A bill far in advance of value received is sure to follow.

Powder Face had a large herd of ponies, and he had long insisted on my selecting one that suited my fancy. I certainly had no use for a gift of this kind, but his constant reference to the subject at every visit, and his appearance of grief at my persistent refusal, at length induced me to say modestly that he might select one for me.

The next morning a young buck rode up, leading a most beautiful dappled gray creature. A few weeks after the presentation Powder Face sought and obtained a "loan" of \$25.—Youth's Companion.

TENPINS AND TENPIN BALLS.

Their Manufacture and Cost—Bowling More Popular Than Ever.

Tenpins are made of rock maple, and cost \$3.50 a set. They formerly cost more, but with a greater demand and increased sales prices have been reduced. A perfectly turned and handsomely polished rock maple pin is a symmetrical and slightly object. Standing in the window of a dealer in this city is a tenpin of bird's-eye maple which is beautiful and attracts much attention. And bird's-eye maple would be a good wood for tenpins, but it costs twice as much as rock maple, or more, and the beauty spots would scarcely be visible from the other end of a 70-foot alley.

The regulation tenpin is 15 inches high and 15 inches in circumference at the largest part and 2 1/4 inches in diameter at the base. Pins are sometimes made shorter and sometimes longer and bigger for family alleys; but 15 inches is the regulation height. Tenpin balls are sometimes made of rosewood, sometimes of maple, but lignum vitae is the best wood for tenpin balls.

Bowling is more popular in this country than ever before. Up to about 15 years ago the majority of bowlers here were Germans. Now bowling alleys are provided in many clubs, and there are more public and more private alleys that ever, especially at seaside and country residences, where there are to be found alleys elaborately fitted up with fine woods.—N. Y. Sun.

Paid Her Call.

A lady of rank, whose Sunday duties had long been neglected, was moved one day to attend with her fair daughters the morning service at the little chapel of St. James' palace. Unluckily, there was no room; every seat was filled. "Well, never mind, dears," said my lady to her girls as they turned away. "Anyhow, we have done the civil thing thing." She had paid her "call."—Household Words.

Mistake, with Variations.
"What! You marry again? The same old mistake?"

The divorcee gestured deprecatingly. "O, not at all," she replied with much earnestness. "I shan't make the same mistake again, I assure you. Why, I said at the time I'd never have another green wedding as long as I lived."—Detroit Tribune.

Wood Tanks for Lifeboats.
Indurated wood pulp is to be used for the air tank of ships' lifeboats. These tanks are lighter than metal, impervious to water, extremely hard and possess many other desirable qualities. Wood pulp has also been used successfully in holding oil for lamps.—N. Y. Sun.

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Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,
Etc.

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One hundred good rooms. Electric
lights, hot and cold baths, barber shop
and Postal telegraph office, etc.
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FALL 1896.
FULL stock of Fruit and Ornamental
Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits,
Asparagus and everything for the
Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We em-
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see the difference between those of a
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Lexington, Ky.

(20oct)



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think you can get the best made, finest finish and
most POPULAR SEWING MACHINE
for a mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers
that have gained a reputation by honest and square
dealing. There is merit in the workmanship, and in
mechanical construction, durability of working
parts, ease of finish, beauty in appearance, or has
so many improvements as the NEW HOME.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.
GRAND, MASS., BOSTON, MASS., 25 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
CHICAGO, ILL., ST. LOUIS, MO., DALLAS, TEXAS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY
COOK & WINN, Paris, Ky.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS WANTED

BY
T. L. Green, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky.

I want to buy for cash the following U. S.
Revenues, either canceled or uncanceled, at
the prices annexed when stamps are sent in
good condition:

1 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Express, red, part perforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, imperforate.....	50 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, part perforate.....	30 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate.....	10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate.....	30 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, orange.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....	15 cents
3 cent Playing Card, green, imperforate.....	25 cents
3 cent playing card, green, full perforate.....	20 cents
4 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate.....	10 cents
4 cent playing card, violet, perforate.....	50 cents
4 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	30 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate.....	10 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....	15 cents
20 cent Bond, imperforate.....	9 cents
40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	75 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	\$1.25
70 cent Foreign exchange, green, full perforate.....	\$1.50
81 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	\$1.10
81 Manifest, imperforate.....	\$1.10
81 Mortgage, full perforate.....	\$1.25
1 00 Foreign Ticket, imperforate.....	1.50
1 30 Foreign Exchange, orange, full perforate.....	3.00
1 60 Foreign Exchange, orange, full perforate.....	4.00
2 50 Bond and Exchange, imperforate.....	5.00
5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	7.00
20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	30.00
50 00 Blue and Black.....	1.50
1 00 Blue and Black.....	2.00
5 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
6 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	9 cents
10 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	3.00
50 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	3.00
1 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	5.00
5 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	15.00

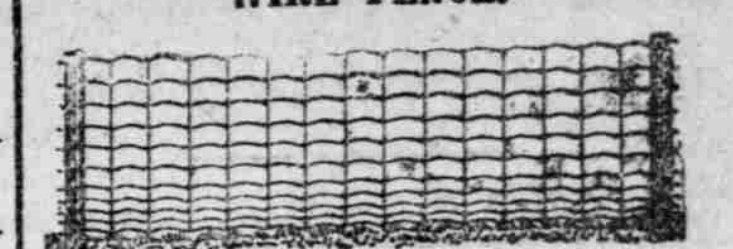
I also wish to buy old canceled postage
stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all
denominations from 1840 to 1875, for which I
will pay liberal prices. Address
T. L. GREEN, County Clerk,
Mt. Olivet, Ky.

NOTE—The above named stamps can be
found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts,
Agreements, Bank Checks, etc., from 1840
to 1875, also on Proprietary Medicines,
Matches, etc.
The foregoing offer is genuine—made in
good faith, and will be carried out to the let-
ter in every instance when I receive the
stamps I have mentioned in good order.
Reference: Mt. Olivet Deposit Bank or any
official of Robertson county.
T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.



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this limited space, but we want you to write for our best illustrated Catalogue. This is the largest
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MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

This is a smooth fence that will turn
any kind of stock. It is made from the
best hard steel drawn specially for the
purpose.

HOW IT IS MADE.
The large steel wires forming the
horizontal bars are first coiled around a
4 inch rod, thus practically becoming
COILED SPRINGS their entire length.
These are securely tied together by 10
cross bars to the rod. The cross bars
are best quality of annealed wire
(galvanized), wrapped three times
around each horizontal bar.

ITS ADVANTAGES.
Being a SELF REGULATOR it is ALWAYS
ready for business, slacks up for 30
below as cheerfully as it takes a new
grip for 90 in the shade, gently, but
firmly persuades a runaway team to
reconsider its action. An unruly bull
is safe as a canary in its cage; "thus far
shalt thou go." The fierce wind and drifting
snow pass by and it heeds them not.
There is no terror in the locomotive
spark. The trespasser is not led into
temptation, and the rail stealer's "oc-
cupation is gone." The hired man and
the lagging tramp, alike scorn it proffered
shale. Like the model housewife,
when well supported, it is always neat
and tidy.

THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET.
Economy is not our sole object in
placing posts for farm fences at the un-
usual distance of 30 to 30 feet apart.
Farmers say, "the closer the posts the
better the fence." That may apply to
common fences, but depending largely
on its elasticity we PREFER the long
panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards,
etc., they should of course be nearer, 12
to 20 feet is not objectionable.

We have completed (and are now
building) a lot of this fence for Bourbon
farmers and you can examine into its
merits for yourself.

Estimates cheerfully furnished. You
may put up the posts and we will build
the fence, or we will contract to do the
whole job. If you are needing any
fence, see us. We will save you money
and still build you the best fence made.

Respectfully,
MILLER & COLLINS,
PARIS, KY.

The Page Wire Fence in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96,
MESSRS. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,
Paris, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:—I have had the Page
Woven Wire Fence on my farm for
about eighteen months and am well
pleased with it. It has proved to be all
that is claimed for it. It turns all kinds
of stock and is as tight as was the day
it was put up and has stood some severe
tests. A horse of one of my neighbors
fell across the fence a few months ago
and was not taken off for several hours
but when taken off the fence went back
to its place all right with the exception
of a few staples. During the storm of
April 24th a good-sized tree was blown
across the fence and bent it down to the
ground. As soon as the tree was cast
off the fence went up all right and was
as good as ever with the exception of
one broken wire and a few staples out
of place.

I am so well pleased with the fence
that I am going to put up more of it
right away. Respectfully,
(5my-tf) WM. BECKRAFF.

LOCUST POSTS.

We are prepared to furnish (at rea-
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load. Delivered at your nearest rail-
road station.

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WE have employed a first-class,
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others and we will do your work right.

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(24mar-tf)

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fourth cash, balance in three equal pay-
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News, Paris, Ky.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.